Volume LXIX CHICAGO, APRIL 18, 1912 Number 7

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

ENDEAVOR.

"What hast thou for thy scattered seed,
O Sower of the plain?
Where are the many gathered sheaves
Thy hope should bring again?"
"The only record of my work
Lies in the buried grain."

"O Conqueror of a thousand fields!
In dinted armor dight,
What growths of purple amaranth
Shall crown thy brow of might?"
"Only the blossom of my life."
Flung widely in the fight."

"What is the harvest of thy saints,
O God! who dost abide?
Where grow the garlands of thy chiefs
In blood and sorrow dyed?
What have thy servants for their pains?"
"This only,—to have tried."

—Julia Ward Howe in the Posthumous collection of her Poems "At Sunset."

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UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1912. NUMBER 7.

TO THE BROTHERHOOD.

Rise up, O men of God!
  Have done with lesser things,
Give heart and soul and mind and strength
  To serve the King of kings.

Rise up, O men of God!
  His kingdom tarries long.
Bring in the day of brotherhood
  And end the night of wrong.

Rise up, O men of God!
  The Church for you doth wait,
Her strength unequal to her task.
  Rise up, and make her great!

Lift high the cross of Christ!
  Tread where his feet have trod!
As brothers of the Son of Man
  Rise up, O men of God!

William P. Merrill in The Continent.

Oregon, the state much ridiculed by the politicians and distrusted by partisan bosses for its radical legislation, is taking the word *initiative* seriously. Finding by its statistics that it is short on pigs and eggs, it is offering prizes to the children of Oregon to induce them to enter these industries. The Agricultural College and the various commercial associations are co-operating in the scheme. Fifty thousand bulletins of instruction and information concerning these productions are being distributed. Local, county and state fairs are being arranged for. The children are divided into two classes, twelve years being the dividing line. It is expected that seventy thousand school children will engage in this contest. Let there be some more initiative of this kind.

At last the Maiden Mother of the Red Cross Society has come to her transfiguration. The frail, and physically speaking, insignificant, little woman, who accomplished what crowned heads failed in, who accomplished what belted and spurred knights of the sword could not, lived out her ninety years of mortal time. She lived to hear the bells of peace ringing out the death knell of war, the first stroke of which was rung when a woman's hand pulled the ropes. Readers of UNITY will remember the welcome Chicago gave to her when last she visited us and the account of her reception at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, the home of UNITY, made readable and valuable our issue of May 19, 1910. In that issue we spoke deliberately of our love and esteem. Now there remains for us but the privilege of laying our little sprig of green, twined with the forget-me-nots of spring, upon the grave of Clara Barton in common with the multitude who speak their words of gratitude in divers tongues and in various lands.

Those who are afraid of the people, distrustful of the masses, may well oppose the initiative and referendum movement which is fast becoming the central issue of the present day. What a crash there has been of the Political Intrigues, Bosses, "Central Committees," Ward Heelers and the attendant conceits that made party machines so invincible. How confidently did those "on the inside" predict results. How wise their winks and how knowing their ante convention predictions! But lo! see what a single preferential primary has done in Illinois and Pennsylvania. How the well laid plans of these political mice have gone *"agley."* Even in Chicago, the invulnerable mechanism of Lorimer, Sullivan, Busse *et al* has proven to be but a toy, a cardboard factory which has tumbled at the first opportunity given the people to express themselves. These machine builders who have given years of labor and who have manipulated millions of dollars and thousands of votes, in "ways that were dark and by tricks that were vain," are left standing exposed, looking silly and feeling sillier. If this impromptu and crude primary provision can bring about so much sanity and give efficiency to so much wisdom what may not be achieved by primary provision unhampered by partisan anxieties and favoring independency? The Theodore Parker saying that "Everybody knows more than anybody" is receiving unexpected endorsement at the polls this spring. Surely Lincoln was right, when he said: "The Lord must be partial to common people, else he would not have made so many of them."

UNITY is anxious to join the farmer host and many others in urging upon Congress the passage of a "Parcel Post" law that will shorten the distance in time, expense and human labor between the producer and the customer, an end to be devoutly urged in all the departments of human activity. The economic value of such parcel delivery by the government has been amply demonstrated by most of the great countries of the world, the United

States being shamefully behind in this manifest step toward a practical and economic democracy. It is the open scandal of Congress that such a law would have been long ago on the Federal Statutes books had it not been for the strong and persistent lobbying of the various express companies and the horde of small traders and "middle-men" who get their living by "handling" commodities which they neither produce nor consume. he postal department at Washington has repeatedly recommended this, but the above named interests have been too ably represented on the floors of Congress, particularly of the Senate, to permit the passage of so democratic a movement. "What is to become of the small dealer and the many handed agents?" it is asked. Let them go out of business and go to work. The one perpetual demand in the labor market is the demand for more hands on the farm. Let these middle-men become end-men. There are fields to plant, to cultivate and to harvest, cows to milk, hens to feed and gardens to make—and there is a lot of idle brawn in country stores fitted for this work. "What of the poor, impecunious, express company stock-holders?"—well, —might better pension them at once, and let the head senator who has so long and so well represented their interest in the United States Senate be made head of this Pension Bureau for the support of beggared express company directors.

"The truth about Japan," by John H. DeForest, "Prophet Hobson," and the announcement of Hon. Elihu Root's "Fisheries Arbitration Argument," edited by James Brown Scott, are the last output of the "World Peace Foundation" with headquarters at 29 Beacon Street, Boston, to reach our table. Like all the other outputs from this publishing center, they are clear, convincing, timely arguments for peace against war. They represent a movement, which despite the pitiable mutilation of the peace treaties by the United States Senate, and the revelation of the halting timidity, the shallow conceits and the pitiable senility of that impotent body, is growing day by day. The leaflet on "Prophet Hobson," reprinted from the *Saturday Evening Post,* is particularly relishable as a bit of clever humor as well as withering comment upon the pugnacious Alabamian, as told in the story which winds up the demolition of Hobson:

"He sunk the ship all right but he didn't sink her in the right place."

We rejoice with the lovers of children everywhere in the passage of the Child Bureau Bill, with handsome majorities in both houses, and the subsequent signing of the same by the president, which makes it effective. The appropriation of $29,400 seems miserably small to represent an activity that is to conserve the child resources of the nation, in view of the extravagant appropriations made for the mere "fuss and feathers" of the instrumentalities of destruction, designed to waste our human resources, but it is a beginning and it will soon gather strength. According to the *Survey* of April 13, the idea of a federal Child Bureau originated five years ago with Lillian D. Wald of the Nurse Settlement, New York. Mrs. Florence Kelly made the first outline of the matters to be investigated by such a bureau. The present bill was introduced by Senator Borah of Idaho and Representative Peters of Massachusetts. Votes on the bill were nobly nonpartisan. The world is moving slowly but steadily and surely onward.

The Twenty-eighth Annual Report of the International Institute of China is before us. It is a pamphlet of seventy-two pages with an imposing list of officials, including General Committee, Advisory Council, Trustees, etc. The name of the Rev. Gilbert Reid, M. A., D.D., appears as Director in Chief and it bears the imprint of the Methodist Publishing House, Shanghai. We suppose the pamphlet can be obtained at any of the Methodist book stores in this country. Mr. Reid is a missionary of long standing and seems to have apprehended the higher opportunities of a true missionary. He has set for himself the task of elevating civic conditions, ameliorating legislation and political severities and hindrances. The appendix of nearly forty pages is given to various discussions of the war problem and every page rings true and high with the pacific gospel. Mr. Reid reminds the Chinese of the teachings of their own "master thinker" who said: "Soldiers are an instrument of ill omen." The words of "a great friend of China, John Hay," are also given, namely: "War is the most feline and ferocious of human follies." They are again reminded of the words of Mencius, their great political sage:

> "There are men who say, 'I am skillful at marshalling troops. I am skillful at conducting a battle.' They are great criminals."

The recent Minister-Extraordinary to Washington, Dr. Wu Ting Fang, so much respected by the citizens of the United States, is quoted as saying: "We wish to have no distinctions of races but the Manchus, Mongolians and Chinese are to be united, to live in harmony, all enjoying equal rights and privileges." These are but sample sentences taken from a pamphlet that must exert a noble, and we hope, a mighty influence upon the higher classes of Chinese, and it is good and timely reading to great multitudes of non-Chinese. It breathes the spirit much needed in the boasted democracy of the United States. For there still lurks just below the surface even of edu

cated, polite people, a lamentable distrust of the power of pacific forces and a barbaric confidence in force, a belief that in the last analysis, right is at the mercy of might, thus negating the great affirmation of Abraham Lincoln that "right makes might."

James Harris

A man with an inventive brain, a hand made skillful by a long and thorough apprenticeship at the bench and at the lathe; one who perfected seeding and harvesting machinery, and made a success of his business, one who was a comrade to the working men in his shop, a friend and neighbor to those who purchased his wares; a man who found in his tasks recreation, and who stayed at his post until the last day of his life, which came as the four-score was rounding to completion. And all this time, a man who was intensely interested in the well being of his city, state and nation, one who, when offered opportunity, gave freely of his time and his money to sustain the cause of the religion he believed in. A man who never sullied his breath with the poison fumes of the cigar, or the brain-disturbing fevers of the beer-mug; a man whose tongue was never sullied with vulgarity or profanity, a studious, loyal gentleman of the American type, one who accepted work as his destiny and loved it, and still one who laid strong hold on the unseen, and was ever within near touch of spiritual realities. Such a man was JAMES HARRIS, for nearly ten years the tireless, cheerful, generous supporter of the Senior editor of UNITY during his pastorate of the All Souls Church of Janesville of the long ago. And though the near relation between minister and parishioner was broken thirty-two years ago, the friendship, the mutual confidence and the interest in a cause and that, the cause of open, progressive religion, continued to the end. The summons to "enter into his reward" came during the sojourn of the Editor in the South so that he was denied the great privilege of standing amidst the multitude of the Janesville citizens who came to testify to their love, esteem and honor of James Harris, where he would have been glad to have claimed his citizenship among them; a citizenship that is unbroken by the more than thirty years' absence. The neighborliness that rests in love never grows old and is not a thing of time. We ease our own hearts and serve the reading constituency of UNITY in witnessing to this demonstration that a man may succeed in business and still retain the upright conscience, the unsullied life and the unhardened heart. Hail and farewell dear old friend! Your living has demonstrated the possibility of the unity of employer and employee, and an identity of ideals between the man at the forge and the man on the platform and in the pulpit! It was good to think of him as alive, it is easy to think of *him* as being still more alive.

Is There Anything the Matter With the Theological School?

"What Does the Pastorate Demand of the Seminary?" is the title of a most suggestive and timely article by the progressive pastor of the Fountain Street Baptist Church of Grand Rapids, Michigan, published in the April number of the journal of the Religious Education Association. Let this one paragraph indicate the spirit of the same:

> "I believe we need more seminaries willing to risk temporary popular disfavor in order to do a great work of preparation for conditions now arriving. We need more advanced ministers with religious fervor and broad training, who will lovingly but firmly brave opposition of the misguided masses in the struggle to promote true religion among men."

Theological schools are strangely sensitive to criticism. Law schools, medical schools, and particularly schools intended to train teachers,—a vocation that strikingly parallels that of the preacher,—are subjects of easy and interesting discussion. Their curricula are often revised. Their faculties vie with one another in experimentation. They plume themselves on "new" subjects as well as "new" methods, but the theological schools throughout the land are strangely and painfully stereotyped in their methods. Biblical Criticism, Ecclesiastical History, "Homiletics," History of Doctrine, Theology, Church Polity, with a more or less limited invasion of the field of Comparative Religion, even ethics itself is fain to stay among the old masters who dealt in the singular number, private and personal ethics rather than civic and social ethics, which involve politics and economics, constitute the rather doleful curriculum of study. However generous the theory of inspiration may be, the vast and inspiring scripture fields in modern literature, reaching from Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, down to Browning and Whitman, prophecies as revealed through prophetic souls that have made for good government and human progress outside of church lines; the major prophets of the modern day, Dickens, Carlyle, Emerson, Ruskin, Tolstoy, Henry George, David Lloyd-George and their fellows of both sexes are treated as but accessories among which informal excursions are indulged in, rather than as the legitimate subjects of profound study both of the substance of their teaching and the practical workings of the same in the world.

Tht theological schools themselves are responsible for popular recognition of the fact that evolution in religious thought has culminated in a practical revolution in theology. Religion as a scheme by which the individual soul is to escape a *post-mortem* hell and win a *post-mortem* heaven, is giving way to a religion that concerns itself with the well-being of men on earth. In other words, *theological* interpretation of religion is giving way to the *sociological* demands of religion. The "What must one think of God in order to be saved?" is giving way to "What must one do for

man in order to be saved?" and the curricula of the theological schools do not adequately take note of this change. The names of great philanthropists, of effective statesmen, those wise in the training of the young and skillful in the care of the dependent, those who have done things successfully for the amelioration of human woes and the liberation from human wants, ought to be household words in the theological schools. The teachers of prospective ministers should be people who could be felt as well as seen across and outside of city, county and state lines.

We know that even these general suggestions will be stoutly resisted by all the theological faculties in the country. They will all sincerely claim that all this and more they already do and still the indisputable facts remain that in the face of this tremendous increase in humanitarian activities, the splendid ministrations of broadening interest in sociological and philosophical studies, the multiplication of workers in these higher industries, the theological schools of the land remain alone among educational institutions with vacant seats, and attendance that scarcely holds its own, and there remain the further facts that the product of these schools come out with their diplomas oftentimes painfully wanting in the training and equipment most necessary to successful leadership.

Far be it from us to hold the "faculties" or the immediate "trustees" alone responsible for all this, to our mind, obvious and pathetic depreciation of what Pastor Wishart calls the "Seminary." The cherished traditions, sectarian necessities and denominational lines interfere with that combination of forces, that fusion of energies which alone will make possible great Schools of Prophecy, successful Normal Schools for the ministry. The very loyalties and the "honorable" obligations to past founders and to present supporters, interfere with the growth and expansion of the seminary. Any discussion of radical change in the curricula of our theological schools may be premature, certainly any specific recommendation in this direction will be promptly met with difficulties, maybe justly so; but that there is something the matter with our theological schools, we think is matter of common consent among the competent. That they do not keep pace with other professional schools is obvious, that there is need of a ministry that is more adequately trained by the theological schools of the Protestant church in the United States, we believe is also a matter of common consent by the competent.

case must precede any wise treatment of the sick patient.

But we will let our Grand Rapids neighbor complete our editorial.

If the church is to meet modern social, intellectual, industrial, moral and spiritual conditions, its work has to be organized on modern lines. Methods and machinery must be adapted to meet the various needs. The Bible school must keep pace with progressive, secular school methods. The church must co-operate with denominational and local philanthropic and educational institutions and missionary societies. Pastoral visitation is an essential to effective church work. Preaching that interests the modern man must recognize ethical phases of modern business and modern politics.

Civic conditions must be studied and movements to promote social welfare should receive some support and encouragement from the church. Biblical doctrines, Christian history, psychology as applied to religion, and the social message of the Gospel all demand intelligent and frequent treatment in the pulpit.

A church open seven days in the week, whose ministrations are so organized as to meet the various needs of young and old, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, will have so many gatherings and organizations that one man cannot properly attend to all these interests and at the same time fit himself to be a real leader of men in the pulpit.

Where the field is fairly well covered, the work is done by a group of trained workers and not by any one man. But the point is that in the great majority of churches there is no group. One man is struggling nobly, heroically, desperately and vainly to reach the standard of efficiency fixed for him by his many expert advisers. No wonder he fails. No wonder there is a great dearth of effective preachers. No wonder the masses of men live on without a proper, broad, uplifting education in religion.

Two things, among others, account for the success of the Roman Catholic Church: persistent teaching directed toward desired ends, and efficient administration of religious work, which includes not only church and pastoral work, but schools, hospitals, homes for orphans and the aged. Protestantism has, in the past, carried on successfully its own work of education, and so long as churches were relatively few and their functions limited, administrative work was comparatively easy. The needs and conditions I have briefly described demand radical reforms if Protestantism is to grow in the future as in the past. Preachers and teachers must be relieved of a vast amount of organization work which should be entrusted to men trained especially for that service.

We must have fewer small churches and more large ones with a group of experts or specialists as heads of departments, working together for the common cause. Under this plan the people will have better preaching, better music, better Bible schools and better pastoral visitation.

Many obstacles, both theoretical and practical, to this proposal, will be encountered, but they must be faced and overcome. We have much to learn from modern business methods of obtaining efficiency. Our present church methods are wasteful, extravagant and inefficient. The longer we delay in making needed changes the more our cause will suffer.

It will require a campaign of education to overcome prejudices and errors which now keep people apart who should combine and co-operate. Seminaries can render a great service if they will train up men with modern ideas and fit them to grapple with this problem.

We will make little headway in co-operation and in combination until we can agree better than we do now as to (1) "What is the Bible?" and (2) "What is Christianity?" The ignorance, on this subject, of men whose business it is to know what the Bible is and how it came to be, is distressing. And this ignorance, in my judgment, is a fruitful source of various errors among the people, who go astray, for lack of proper instruction. This condition of affairs suggests a problem in education which it would seem the seminaries should help to solve, and thus they will pave the way for reforms in organized religion which are demanded by modern conditions, and absolutely essential to the efficiency of the modern ministry.

In Re Parcels Post

To those of us who live in great cities, the question of the Parcels Post, may not present itself as one of vital importance. Our big stores are quite willing to wait upon us and deliver all the goods we buy without expense to us. Sometimes at Christmas time we wish "Uncle Sam" were a little more accommodating, and when some friend comes back from a vacation across the water and tells of the great convenience frequently found in the use of the Parcels Post, we wonder why this country should not have it if it is such a good thing. However, if we give it any thought we consider there is nothing in it to disturb the indifference of folks who are already overwhelmed with interests that demand instant attention.

There is a man in Wisconsin who does not look at this matter from this indifferent attitude. For over a quarter of a century the Agricultural College of the University of Wisconsin was nurtured from the weakness of infancy to a magnificent strength, which has placed it far in the lead of all other institutions of its kind in the world, and has done much in fixing the agricultural status of that state.

During all these years this has been the life-work of Dean W. A. Henry. To his love of the work, to his never-failing enthusiasm and courage, and to his brilliant and wise management of affairs may be traced very largely the success which has crowned this splendid effort of the state, and so it was felt to be almost a calamity when, a few years ago, the professor's untiring labors produced a physical break-down, and he was obliged to give up his activities and rest for the greater part of each year. Happily, under this enforced idleness he has regained a fair amount of health and strength, and his irrepressible enthusiasms still find expression in much good effort for his beloved state.

Among other things Professor Henry has taken a great interest in the proposed extension of the Parcels Post utility and has given it much study, believing that it will be of particular benefit to the farming communities of the country.

A few weeks ago your correspondent heard Professor Henry make an address at Madison on this topic. His method of attack, his clear statement of facts and statistics were novel and stirring, and carried the conviction that perhaps here was another too largely unheeded call to the intelligent citizenship of the country, another place where indifference becomes reprehensible.

At any rate what the professor had to say was good hearing, and it struck me that some of the readers of UNITY, if not already interested, might become so. I therefore ask for space that I may quote briefly from the words of this man who knows what he is talking about.

First, however, I must give you a personal touch. In January last, Professor Henry started for a hard-earned vacation. He arranged to stop at Washington and testify before the Senate Committee in charge of the Parcels Post measure, and to see for himself how things were going; then from there to go south to visit the Panama Canal and other places. When he reached Washington he found the work of the committee so absorbing, that he could not get away. He learned many interesting facts. He soon realized that the interests entrenched on the negative side of the question were highly organized, were spending money galore, were represented at every session by capable lawyers and expert stenographers, and avowedly are there to win, while the interests of the country at large are altogether at loose ends, and the farmer has scarcely been heard from at all, except in those states in which the old Grange is still a potent force. The professor became convinced that it was his business to stir up the sleeping folks at home, and he abandoned his trip to Panama, took the train back to Madison, hired a good stenographer, set printers and statisticians to work, and proposes now to invest his time, strength, enthusiasm and the $500 he expected to spend on his trip, in working up a Parcels Post propaganda and intelligence, which he hopes will bear fruit.

I give a few extracts from his address:

"I spent several days in Washington gathering up facts for compilation and watching the work of the Senate Committee on post offices and post routes. I never heard an investigation go on more fairly of more thoroughly. The interests oppoced to the Parcels Post are right on hand all the time. The committee have printed three books of testimony already taken, and two-thirds of that testimony is opposed to Parcels Post.

"Let me tell you some of the things that are happening down there in that committee room. A woman representing the Shirt Waist Makers of New York City, offered herself as a witness, as anybody can. She told about that vast organization, and was asked, 'Do you people want the Parcels Post?' 'We do.' 'Why?' 'We could use it in so many ways. For example, we have in our organization women who are artists with the needle. Men without a heart in them, buy that work at such price as they choose to give, it goes into the big stores and is sold out at enormous prices while a mere pittance goes to the women who have done this work. If we could have a real Parcels Post, we could get in touch with women's organizations, and we could get orders direct from these women to make these beautiful things, and our poor women would get something in accordance with the worth of their work. They do not now.' The chairman turned to this woman and said, 'Madam, would your organization favor a commission to be appointed by Congress which should investigate the Parcels Post of this and other countries, and see whether this country really needs a convenient Parcels Post?' I saw a look of distress come over the woman's face and she said, 'Oh, don't do that. The other day forty-three girls lost their lives because the doors in a factory were locked, and there has been a large amount of money appropriated to investigate that and the conditions of the working women of New York City, and maybe three or four years from now they will make a printed report which will not be read, and the whole subject will be forgotten. Give us Parcels Post now.'

The Secretary of the Knights of Labor told the committee his organization favored Parcels Post.

"There was a sharp lawyer there representing a great organization of merchants and manufacturers. One organization alone admitted it had raised $30,000 to pay for producing testimony, getting up petitions, and bringing other influence to bear against this proposed utility.

"A representative from Montgomery, Ward & Co. gave evidence which was rather a surprise to those who have thought the mail order houses were strongly opposing the Parcels Post. He told them that eighty per cent of their goods are

shipped by freight, and undoubtedly will continue to be, the average rate being $1.25 a hundred; that ten per cent goes by express at $4.00 per hundred. That the other ten goes by mail, for which, of course they pay sixteen cents a pound. He said, 'There are people in the United States living quite near a post office who are one hundred and twenty miles from an express office. Of course we send anything we can to them by mail. We have had cases like this,—some of those people would send an order for an over-coat. It weighed more than four pounds and of course the question arose as to how to send it. We finally made up the over-coat in parts, and sent this piece in one package, this piece in another, and the sleeves in another, with some needles and thread so they could sew it together. Our government will carry eleven pounds from a London tailor to those people, and if they wanted to order their coat over there, it would only cost seventy-nine cents to bring it from any part of the British Isles to any post office in this country.

"Every day in the year except Sundays and certain holidays Uncle Sam sends out into the rural districts of this country 42,000 rural delivery wagons, the great majority of which are drawn by two good, husky horses, capable of hauling big loads, but which are now hauling an average of twenty-five pounds of mail matter. It would not cost the government a dollar more,—as far as that part of the service goes, to handle hundreds of pounds. And it is right in those rural districts, way back in the country that the service is most needed.

"This is the way the matter stands now. The largest package the United States will carry anywhere in this country is four pounds, on which you will pay sixteen cents a pound. At the same time our own government will carry eleven pound packages to twenty-nine other countries at a cost of twelve cents a pound. I can go down to the Madison Post Office with an eleven pound package and by paying twelve cents a pound. I can send it to any of these twenty-nine nations outside. I offer to send the same package to a friend less than fifty miles away and it is refused. 'Well, what can I do?' 'You can send four pounds only, and pay sixty-four cents.' What do you think of that? Who got such laws as that through? Our friend over here says the Express Companies, and I guess he is right

Well, who lets them stay on the statute books? The farmers. Here you sit like bumps on a log, always ready to talk, and talk, and talk. What do the Express Companies care how much you talk? That committee down in Washington can't hear you. There are 25,000 petitions following up what they and their lawyers are saying, and not one in a hundred favoring what you want. If you had a hired man and never spoke to him, would you blame him if he did not do a very good day's work? If you had a lawyer and would not tell him your case, would you expect him to win it for you? If you won't help, don't find fault if things don't come out right. One man said to me, 'It is the business of those men at Washington to give the people what they ought to have. That's what we send them there for. Of course, but how do they know what you want and ought to have, unless you tell them? Go home and write letters to your senators and your representatives, tell your neighbors to write, favoring a general Parcels Post and opposing the one cent letter post ,and pour them in till they come back at you. 'For God's sake, let up. We will give you anything you want.' Petitions are all right, too, but that is the lazy man's way of performing his duty as a citizen. Write and tell them, 'I want this from this Congress, not next winter but this winter.' They will listen to you, don't be afraid." A. L. K.

Whether in May
The flowers bloom, or, in the summer brakes,
The cuckoo tunes his song, or autumn fields
Are bright with silver moonlight, or the snow
Lies deep on winter hills,—'tis always spring
In my heart-land that has the truer light,
And knows the law. *Dogen in The Open Court*

THE GLORY OF ALLAH.

Fatigued by long and close attention to the administration of my affairs, I emerged through the north gate of the city of Bagdad, intending to walk in the coolness of the late afternoon along the bank of the river. But before I had proceeded a hundred paces, I encountered an aged dervish sitting under a tree and wrapt in meditation. Struck by his unusual appearance and desiring to converse with him, I approached. On emerging from his revery he addressed me in a kindly tone and bade me be seated.

After conversing for a few moments on the returning health of the Caliph, the dervish turned to me and asked, "Thou art rich?" I have goodly possessions," I replied, "Is there aught in which I can serve the servant of Allah?" He answered in the words of the Miskkat, "Second only to Allah and the prophets are the children of Adam giving alms." Then, fool that I was, I began to boast of my possessions and enterprises. When I had finished, he smiled and said, "I was once a man of great fortune like thyself. I had the possessions of Solomon, but I walked not in the path of wisdom. But it happened that once when the bird of thought had perched upon my shoulder that I found myself beside a road unknown to me and perceived approaching me one of the heavenly ones. I was amazed and fearful, but, taking me by the hand, he spake kindly to me saying, "I am the blessed Koran, which Allah has sent by his prophet to the children of Adam. Arise and follow me, and I will lead thee along the road which Adam and Noah and Abraham and Moses and Jesus and Mohammed have traveled before thee, toward the Merciful, blessed be He, who sits upon the throne."

Now as we journeyed I thought of many things, of the inequalities of the way, how I might overcome them, of the heat of the sun upon the sand and the lack of water, how I might endure them, and knowing that Allah has placed limits upon all which he has created, I uttered no complaint.

At length the heavenly one paused and thus addressed me, "Know, Child of Adam, that now I must leave thee but thou shalt not be alone for another will conduct thee from this place." With that he departed and at once I saw another heavenly one approaching, but as he drew near I perceived that it was the Angel of Death and I was afraid. Then spake he kindly to me and said, "Thou hast passed through life in company with the perspicuous book and art thou not ready to appear where Adam and Noah and Abraham and Moses and Jesus and Mohammed stand before the throne of the Merciful, blessed be He?" And I answered, "I have traveled hither with much labor and suffering, but have uttered no complaint." But he asked, "Hast thou seen the glory of Allah as it glows in the field flowers and the rainbow?" I answered, "As I journeyed I thought of many things; of the inequalities of the way, and how I might overcome them, of the heat of the sun upon the sand and the lack of water, and how I might endure them, and knowing that Allah has placed limits upon all things which he has created, I uttered no complaint." Then spake he again and said, "The perspicuous book and thine

own obedience can bring thee safely through life, but if thou hast not seen the glory of Allah which glows in the field flowers and the rainbow, how canst thou bear the glory of Him who sits upon the throne? Return, return, Child of the Koran, from the path of thought to the city of reality and so repeat thy pilgrimage."

The old man ceased, the last rays of the setting sun touched the minaret and the voice cries:

"Allah akbar, Allah akbar
"Ishad là Allah llà 'llah
"Ishad Muhammad rasuluhu."

Prostrating ourselves toward the holy city, we repeated with one accord, "Allah! there is no god but He, the living, the steadfast! Slumber seizeth Him not, nor sleep . . . His throne overspreadeth the heavens and the earth and the keeping of both is no burden to Him: and He is high and great!"

I left the dervish and hastened into the city. I sold my share in the numerous commercial enterprises in which I was engaged. I retired to a cottage in the midst of a garden beyond the White Gate to end my days in simple piety and good works. I have never become a dervish but I have never ceased to seek out and adore the glory of Allah, the merciful, blessed be he, as it glows in the field flowers and the rainbow. PERCY M. DAWSON.

Correspondence

In Lawrence and Lowell

The industrial unrest all over the civilized world today is ominously significant. We do not need to go to London or beyond seas to study the problem. It is at our very doors. In Lawrence, less than twenty miles away, here, in staid conservative self-satisfied old Massachusetts, an industrial war has been fought for ten long weeks between "labor" and "capital." It has been a continuous battle and apparently it marks a new epoch in the age-lasting industrial struggle, the struggle of the workers on the one side, who have but their hands, and the non-workers on the other, who happen to own the mechanical means of production. It was but a trifle that started the battle—a paltry difference of twenty-two cents a week in wages. The state had passed a law providing that no women or children should be employed in certain industries in the state for more than 54 hours a week, a reduction of two hours from the prevailing schedule. This law went into effect on January 1. Naturally the wage workers understood that the working of this law would not mean a reduction of pay. The law makers, at least the ones who pushed it, meant that it should ameliorate the conditions of the wage earners affected. But when the pay envelopes were received on January 12, there was lacking twenty-two cents on the pay for the week's work. The mill agents and superintendents had not taken the trouble to notify or inform the workers of the reduction. It looked like a sneak game. Within an hour, 5,000 striking men and women, were marching through the streets, urging other mill workers to join them. Soon there were ten thousand singing, cheering men, women, boys and girls marching and counter-marching through the snow and slush of a raw winter day.

Says a writer in the "Survey," "It was a procession of the nations of the world, never equalled." With quavering notes a trudging group of French women raised the stirring "Marseillaise," and the song and its kindling spirit spread. In ten days a whole regiment of state militia armed with loaded guns and bayonets had been called out to preserve order and protect property. It did not matter much if some of the strikers were killed: they were only foreigners, but the glass in the windows of the mill must not be smashed.

I was in Lawrence one Sunday during the strike. I saw no evidences of violence. But I was only on the main street, and on the Common, and at one of the churches during the hour of service. In the latter place it was unusually quiet as the place was far from crowded. The only suggestions of warfare noticed on the streets were the well-groomed militia boys in khaki uniform, bearing guns with bayonets fixed. But even these warriors did not seem to be doing hard duty, for they mingled with the passing crowd and had time and liberty to stop at the corner drug-store for refreshments. The alleged violence of the strikers on the one hand and the brutalities of the militia and police on the other, so my friends who live here, and are in a position to know and affirm, have been greatly exaggerated. I had occasion to call on a policeman for a personal service and found him quite kind and ready to give me a good turn. I asked to be directed to the Unitarian Church. He seemed very glad to set me on the right track. I went where he pointed and found myself at a Trinitarian Sanctuary. But I am not inclined to discredit the police force in Lawrence for a little mistake like that. When the dust and smoke has cleared away, what is the result?

The ten weeks' battle was fought at an enormous cost, so we say. It cost the state, the city of Lawrence and the strikers and mill owners and shareholders a pretty sum, totalling millions. And all for four loaves of bread more for a week's wage. In the beginning of the trouble the mill owners said it was impossible to raise the wages. But when they realized that they were not only fighting their own operatives, but that they were opposed by an organization numbering hundreds of thousands and commanding large resources and skilled leadership, they found they were up against it. So the 15 per cent raise was granted and not only the ten thousand operatives in Lawrence were benefited, but it has resulted in an equivalent increase to 300,000 wage earners throughout New England. It was not a local battle: it was but a skirmish in a world-warfare for human betterment along industrial lines. It was when the Industrial Workers of the World sent leaders to direct the raw, undisciplined forces, and taught them the meaning and power of Industrial Brotherhood and made them feel and realize that they were in a world-wide movement for bettering the conditions of the working classes, regardless of creed or nationality or race, then there was something doing. Their first leader was put in jail where he remains today, with sixty-four other subordinates and followers, but the cause

goes marching on. Yesterday in Lowell, one mile from my home, I walked with the unkempt throng behind the red flag with the stars and stripes that was carried through the streets. It was a cold, raw day and the wind cut to the marrow. There was some speech-making on the Common and the crowd listened with alert, good-natured interest. After vainly battling with the cutting wind, they repaired to a hall a good mile distant. Men, women and children were in the procession. The flag bearers and a goodly number of supporters kept in the middle of the road. They were mostly young men and young women. They were cheerful, considering all the conditions, and quite enthusiastic. In the hall which was on the third floor of the building, the entire space was soon filled. There were between 300 and 400 people. They were of many nationalities, fewer English-speaking than any other as shown by the hands raised in answer to the question asked by the lady in charge, "How many Portuguese-speaking people here?" About two-thirds of the hands went up. So the first speech was in Portuguese. The speaker was evidently a man from the ranks. Tall, bony, angular, and earnest. His voice was worn, for he had probably been on the platform or "soap box" daily, and several times daily for weeks. The men and youths smoked. Some kept their hats on, but they listened closely and few missed the speaker's points. "Take off your hat," said a youth near me to his fellows, "this is a church." It was really a place where prize-fights are held, and the ring and bleachers were in evidence.

But if enthusiasm for humanity and clear unquestioning devotion to the cause of the struggling and oppressed is any part of religion, many services I have attended in temples dedicated and set apart for religious purposes would hardly measure up to this. The speech, though in a language I could not understand, was not altogether unintelligible. I should say it was not an appeal to the passions or to violence. It was rather an appeal to the sentiment of justice, to humanity and to the solidarity of the race. His gestures showed the strength of the clasped hand and not the clenched fist.

The next speaker addressed the English-speaking people present. He did not address them as "ladies and gentlemen," but as "fellow workers." He had worked in the textile mills of New England for thirty years. He had the Celtic accent and oratorical swing. His speech was earnest, clear-cut, deliberate and determined. No rant, no appeal to turbulence or passion, and no funny stories. He seemed to realize the gravity of the situation. His appeal was for the working people to stand together, hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder for their rights.

The next speaker was the prepossessing, young lady who seemed to be mistress of ceremonies. She looked as if she might have been a graduate of Radcliffe or Wellesley, who had been in strenuous, public life long enough to get rid of college affectation while retaining its increment of culture. Her English was excellent, her speech direct, fluent, forcible, but not forced. She did not talk down nor up, but straight to the people before her. There was not a false note. It was persuasive, appealing, yet strong. There was no vindictiveness, no bitterness, no tears or laughter, but a clear-headed, pure-hearted earnestness for humanity, even for these cigarette-smoking foreigners and poverty-stricken refugees from many climes, that was simply surprising and truly wonderful. She makes me think of a modern, sublimated Joan of Arc. As if it were her own cause she appealed to these people to stand for their rights. "We are fighting," she declared, "for the industrial workers of the world. Not with guns or cannon. All we have to do is to fold our arms and take a vacation. Doubtless you have seldom taken one before this. The mills are the life of Lowell. The buildings are so much brick and mortar. The machinery they contain cannot make one yard of cloth without your hands and minds to guide them and tend them. Stand together and stand firm, and you will get what you want, better conditions of life for yourselves and your children." The strike has been on here for about ten days, and the end is not yet. The strength of the present movement is its all-inclusiveness. It is not a trade organization, but the organization of the whole industrial realm. Therefore it means a bigger, wider organization of labor than the labor union. It is the industrial brotherhood of humanity uniting to demand its own.

With such leaders as I saw and heard yesterday, the cause cannot but conquer. The Joan of Arc-looking girl I have since learned, paraded at the head of 12,000 strikers in Lawrence, in defiance of the militia commander in charge, who had taken it upon himself to declare there should be no parade. But she led her unarmed battalions through the streets just the same. Her other name is Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. N. S. HOAGLAND.

Tyngsboro, Mass., April 4.

DAFFODILS

Fathered by March, the daffodils are here,
First, all the air grew keen with yesterday,
And once a thrush from out come hollow gray
On a field's edge, where whitening stalks made clear,
Fluted the last unto the budding year;
Now that the wind lets loose from orchard spray
Plum bloom and peach bloom down the dripping way,
Their punctual gold through the wet blades they rear.
Oh, fleet and sweet! A light to all that pass
Below, in the cramped yard, close to the street,
Long-stemmed ones flame behind the palings bare,
The whole of April in a tuft of grass.
Scarce here, soon will it be—Oh, sweet and fleet!
Gone like a snatch of song upon the thaw.

—*Selected.*

FRIENDS

You are my friend for you have smiled with me,
A help and hope in fair and stormy weather;
I like you for the joys you've whiled with me,
I love you for the griefs we've wept together.
I've held your hand when life was gold to me,
And shared with you its gracious greeting;
You've bro't good cheer when earth was cold to me,
And made me feel your warm heart fondly beating.
Tho' all the world were deaf and dark to me,
And long the night and bleak the winds and biting,
I know full well that you would hark to me,
And set my path with lamps of Love's glad lighting.
You are my friend for you have smiled with me,
A help and hope in fair and stormy weather;
I like you for the joys you've whiled with me,
I love you for the griefs we've wept together.

—*Selected.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

"Whence and Whither of The Evolution of Life," by Thomas F. Neil, M. D., Mirror Printing Co. A big topic in a very small book. To those who are in doubt about religion it will be suggestive; to those who have no use for religion, it will show that there are two sides to the question.

From Little, Brown and Co., I have two thoroughly good books: "The Spirit of the Island," by Joseph Horner Coates, and "The Gift of the Grass," by John Trotwood Moore. Both of these books happen to be right out of the spirit of a right sort of man. They are not got-up books in any sense of the word, neither are they the last book got up by a somewhat famous author. The horse story is delightful in every line of it; and after you have read "The Spirit of the Island," you will love the world better than you did before, and you will think better of the folk that are on it.

From the Outing Publishing Company I am in receipt of "People of the Wild," by F. St. Mars. This book contains seven Nature stories, all of them portraits of wild life—the wildest. I open first at "The Saint," and found it exceedingly attractive for its descriptive power as well as the story itself. The wolverene, who is the saint, is a sure dare-devil, and he comes to his legitimate end. The book is full of passages like this, "In the pale gray of an exhausted dawn the wind went down with the tide, backing to the North, and five black specks slid up in slow time out of the East." "Lone Luck" is very cleverly told, and I think the "Brigand of the Wild" will also please UNITY readers.

Outing is doing some very fine work in the way of publishing books, getting ample material from its magazine pages. It has been at work for nearly thirty years, and is accepted nowadays as the standard outdoor publication of America.

Have you read the story of our American prisons, in the *American Magazine?* If not, you should do so. The current number gives us the "State Prison of Michigan," and the picture is enough to horrify the reader, and to make him question whether we really are a civilized race or not. The utter brutality of the punishments inflicted remind one of the Inquisitions. It seems that the inventive genius of the Yankee blood when turned to torture, can beat the world and the devil. Many years ago, when I was preaching at Adrian, Warden Humphrey took me through the prison at Jackson, and matters were bad enough at that time. I remember standing in a corridor and looking down into a large amphitheater, in which were perhaps, as near as I remember, fifteen to twenty persons. Gen. Humphrey remarked that those were the idiots created by solitary confinement. The impression was so shocking that I do not remember another feature of the whole day. Can we not eliminate from our system or systems, the whole business of torture and vengeance? These institutions should not be coddling places for making pets of criminals, but they should be schools to make decent citizens out of the waste stuff of society.

I am not sure that I gave anything like an adequate review of Prof. Olcott's "Star Lore of all Ages," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. If not, I will call attention to it in this place, not so much to emphasize the value of the book in question, but to note also another book by the same author, "In Star Land With a Three-Inch Telescope." This popularizing of astronomy is a matter of immense importance. If you have a boy that does not know what to do with himself on the earth, get him to study the constellations, and get Mr. Olcott to teach him how.

From the MacMillans I am in receipt of "The New Theology," by Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, London. This book discusses the great reformation in the final chapters which are to be written during the winding up of the present century; a reformation that only began with Luther, and will be closed up as the five hundred years wear away. Unfortunately, Mr. Campbell's relation to modern views of theology have made this book somewhat superficial, somewhat egotistical, and somewhat valuable. He has told us a good deal about his own views, and that is very interesting, and it covers a good deal of the vital question; but Mr. Campbell is mistaken when he tells us that any very large number of people are identifying the present phase of religious reformation with himself or what he teaches. He has proved to be an able expounder of a rather bold-thinking view of God and the universe. His method has been of the pulpiteer sort, and not by any means closely that of a logician. The pulpit is likely to spoil a man for that sort of work. However, there is in this volume a large amount of not only sincerity, but good thinking. It comes tumbling about us in a strong way, but not always demonstrated. He does not represent the finality, but the passing phase of the New Theology; the feeling after, not the resting in. I am almost inclined to say that there are so many infinite topics dabbed at in this book that it makes of the volume a sort of Campbell's cyclopedia. You will find in its pages a very positive assertion as to who God is or what; what the universe means, and a good deal more about free will, and something on almost every imaginable topic suggested by twenty years of preaching. I should rather have Mr. Campell give me a well thought-out volume that took no consideration of anything except the imminence of God or the salvation of man, or the social relations of Christianity. In fact I like much better Pres. King's way of getting at these things.

From Macmillan Company I have "Joseph in Jeopardy," by Frank Danby. I do not like this novel as I liked "The Heart of a Child," and yet it is certainly a very strong piece of work.

From the same house I have that superb book "Social Forces in American History," by Simonds. I referred to it once before I think. It is a book that I believe every thinking citizen should carefully study. It recounts the rise of labor and the downfall of capitalism. That there is a revolution in the industrial life of society, as well as in the industrial forms of social operation, is evident. Just what is ahead we must be careful students to foresee; but we ought to foresee far enough to adjust ourselves to the more important changes. I do not know of anything that has more markedly indicated the way than the recent income tax law in Congress—carried by the momentum of truth uttered by Leader Underwood and Representative Littleton, of New York. Here is a reversal of the whole drift of the last fifty years; a drift that took the burdens off the rich and put them on to common people. Our Supreme Court made it possible; and now the rising courage of our legislators makes it impossible. Get this book and read it—I mean study it.

The editors of the New International Encyclopedia complete the fifth volume of the series to be known as the "Year Book for 1911," so that it will be ready for delivery early in May. I have before said in UNITY that there was nothing else in sight, in the way of contemporary history, well edited and recorded, one half as good as this Year Book by Dodd, Mead & Company. The series was begun in 1907, so that this will be the fifth volume. I understand that there are a few of the old volumes still in stock. This Cyclopedia would constitute a splendid endowment for one of your children. All leading events, that concern human welfare and progress are discussed, with no sneaking effort to bias anything in favor of theological or social conservatism.

From Macmillan I get also "Everyman's Religion," by Dean Hodges, of Harvard. Anyone who knows George Hodges knows very nearly what he will get in his books. Every essay is clean cut, full of strength and of sweetness. They all lead on and on to culminate in his closing chapter or essays. His argument for the life everlasting is as complete and satisfactorily as we generally find, and it is very good natured. It hangs, however, on a much stronger faith in the doctrinal side of Christianity than most people have nowadays. We do not like to have it said to us that religious believing and religious living begin and end in mystery. It looks very much as if the good doctor gave us the problem as insoluble. However, the book is one that you will enjoy.

Summer Reading

From Macmillan I am in receipt of another volume in that series which they are publishing, "Touching the Relations of Christ to Our Modern Life." There are already in this list of books seven volumes; one of these being "Jesus Christ and the Civilization of Today," by Prof. Leighton; another being "Genesis of the Social Conscience," and "Ethics and Revelation," by Prof Nash; "Jesus Christ and the Christian Character," by Prof. Peabody, also "Jesus Christ and the Social Question" and "The Religion of An Educated Man," and by Prof. Stevens "The Teachings of Jesus." Everyone of these books marks a new standard of Christianity, a thoroughly modernized understanding of the great teacher of Galilee. And now comes the best of all, "Christianity and the Social Crisis," by Prof. Rauschenbusch, of the Rochester Theological Seminary. The theological seminaries are becoming real leaders of a living religion. Let us thank the Lord, clap our hands and go ahead joyfully. Any analysis of this book I will not undertake. It is good, it is rich from beginning to end. It will help you live a manlier life, and go to God by the everlasting road of an honest life.

From the same house, Macmillan & Company, I have "The Touchstone of Fortune," by Charles Major. This is not exactly the novel I would pick out, but it is after all a really admirable story.

From the Woodbury Society I am in receipt of a copy of the address delivered by Prof. George E. Woodbury, at the Grolier Club, to commemorate the centenary of the birth of Wendell Phillips. I had been wondering when our busy age would have time to stop long enough to think for a few moments of those heroes who led us preceding the civil war, both as teachers of ethical righteousness and as leaders in the struggle to bring right foremost. Knowing Wendell Phillips almost as I knew my own father and deeply inspired by his manhood, I take up this charming tribute to his memory with intense pleasure. I recall vividly that day when at the home of Woodland Owen in Adrian, Michigan, I said to Mr. Phillips, "But how did you feel Mr. Phillips when the mob was after you, and you knew that you were in immediate danger of losing your life? Were you afraid, or were you stimulated to more determined effort?" Mr. Phillips rose slowly from his chair, and looking over me said, "My dear Powell I wish I could feel fear. I do not think that I ever had the sensation." I have read that Phi Beta Kappa oration of his until I have it almost by heart, the grandest forensic effort ever made in America. I have a little bunch of his letters, and it seems like another life when he and his peers trod the earth. A man who has lived eighty years has seen some marvelous changes, not only in the topics of the times, but in the leaders of political and social events. Yet I take it that America never had a manlier man that Wendell Phillips.

E. P. POWELL.

LARKS

All day in exquisite air
The song clomb an invisible stair,
Flight on flight, story on story,
Into the dazzling glory.

There was no bird, only a singing,
Up in the glory climbing and ringing,
Like a small golden cloud at even,
Trembling 'twixt earth and heaven.

I saw no staircase winding, winding,
Up in the dazzle, sapphire and blinding,
Yet round by round, in exquisite air,
The song went up the stair.

Katharine Tynan.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FRANCIS E. WILLARD

Frances E. Willard exerted a greater influence on the orthodox Christian womanhood of the Republic than any other woman during the nineteenth century. She was a person of extraordinary executive ability and a born leader and organizer. But she was far more than these. She was a great spiritual awakener, a thinker who possessed in large degree the power of calling out the finest and best in the individual and inspiring him with a realization of his duty to others and to the social organism.

Frances Willard was essentially a child of the intuitive vision, who voiced the broad, fine spirit of the Great Nazarene. And herein lay the chief secret of her wonderful power. Though a consistent member of an orthodox church, she was great enough to fraternize with sincere believers in theories diametrically opposed to those which she held, and throughout life she was ever looking for the good in those around her.

She was an example of the self-made American who under the guidance of moral idealism becomes a power for human advancement and social uplift. Born on a farm in Wisconsin and companioned by poverty in early childhood, it often seemed to her as though the hunger of her mind and the yearning aspirations that filled her heart would never be realized. One election day, when she stood with her younger sister at the barn door as her father and brother drove off to town to cast their votes, the pent-up thought of the child found words in this pathetic expression:

"Shall we ever be anybody, know anything or go anywhere?"

This question revealed the brooding desire or dream in the young mind, that led her onward and upward from the farmer's rude cabin to a commanding position as the head of the largest woman's organization in the world.

She ever maintained pure and unsullied the child heart and the enthusiasm of youth, often doing things after she passed her fiftieth mile-stone that few women of thirty would think of attempting. Thus, for example, she had long been an ardent advocate of the bicycle for women, believing it would give to thousands of her sisters a chance to enjoy the country and breathe the pure air of suburban districts, when otherwise they would not find such recreation possible. She also believed that it would promote a more rational dress for women—something that was very dear to her heart. She, however, always found so many uses for her money that she never felt able to purchase a wheel. When fifty-three years of age, her intimate friend and admirer, Lady Henry Somerset, presented her with a bicycle, and with the enthusiasm of a child she set to work mastering it, soon becoming an accomplished rider.

The modern movement for women, she insisted, was merely an attempt to unite men and women on a more enduring plane. "Conservatives say: 'Let man have his virtues and woman hers;' Progressives answer, 'Let each add to those already won the virtues of the other.' Man has splendid qualities, courage, intellect, hardihood; who would not like to possess all these? What woman would not be the nobler and the greater if they were hers? And what man would not be grander, happier, more helpful to humanity, if he were more patient, gentle, tender, chaste?"

Like Mrs. Livermore, she was a strong advocate of woman suffrage. "Some men still urge the old saw," she said on one occasion, "that women cannot fight, and therefore must not vote.' Force to them means bayonets and cannon balls. But the silent and unseen are still the strongest powers of all. Fifteen pounds to the square inch represents the pressure of the viewless air upon us; gravitation draws us with resistless force, but nobody has seen it; heat penetrates like a sword-blade, but it is a power unseen. So are electricity and magnetism, and behind all is the wonder-worker 'Whom no man hath seen at any time.' We must rectify our opinions as to force. A scientific age is proving what faith has always taught, that Thought and Will and Love are the only forces that endure; all others are but phenomena and change like figures in a kaleidoscope."

Later she became deeply interested in social advance. She was long a strong advocate of voluntary coöperation, and before her death she came to occupy the Christian Socialist position, similar to that represented by Canon Charles Kingsley and Frederic D. Maurice in England over fifty years ago. She believed we were on the verge of great social, economic and political changes.

Miss Willard was a positive factor in broadening the views of religious women during the past quarter of a century and also in arousing them to a sense of individual duty concerning things in which the church had taken far too little interest. She was a noble soul, whose influence was always thrown on the side of spiritual advancement, human rights and justice for all the people.—*B. O. Flower in The Twentieth Century Magazine for April, 1912.*

THE COAL STRIKE IN GREAT BRITAIN

The coal strike has wrought in many poor homes a degree of misery unapprehended by some of us who have experienced nothing from it but a little inconvenience and slight privations. Rev. F. B. Matthews, vicar of a mining parish in Staffordshire, writes: "We are in the thick of the strike. If a famine had overtaken the land it could not possibly be worse, and it brings back to my mind terrible days in the West Indies after the hurricane, when everything was swept away. I started a soup kitchen, and the run on it reveals the appalling poverty and distress. We have no "well off" people here; all are miners, brick makers, iron workers, general laborers and petty shopkeepers. The miners have no grievance, but are out of work because violence is threatened. Chiefly our help is to those whose trades are rendered idle by the miners. It is wonderful to see how everybody tries to help everybody else. I go round to the shops, and beg and beseech, and day by day we manage to supply starving children with nourishment. But I am well-nigh bewildered—all day long people coming and begging for help, and one's means so limited. I myself clean vegetables and cook, give out soup at mid-day, and in the afternoon give bread, and this along with sick visiting and services."—*The Christian Life.*

A WOMAN AMBASSADOR

The diplomatic world of Brussels is in a flutter. Ministers, soaked in tradition, are shaking their heads, and their wives meet each other with the question: Ought we to call on her? The fact is that a female diplomat, the only one in the world, has arrived in the Belgian capital, and nobody knows what to make of the new intrustion into the sphere of men. The lady is Senorita Clotilde Luisi; she comes from Uruguay, and

is therefore what the Italians call a Uruguaiana, a term for which we have no equivalent in English except a clumsy circumlocution.

This is how it happened. The Government of Uruguay announced some months ago that it was considered desirable to have a scientific attaché at the Brussels Legation, whose duties would be to furnish accurate accounts of scientific developments in Europe and to give information on educational and other matters. The post was thrown open to public competition in a severe examination. Senorita Luisi, who is a doctor of the University of Montevideo, carried off the prize from a large number of candidates, and she is now a properly accredited member of the diplomatic corps. It remains to be seen how this remarkable experiment works. The old hands are saying that women have hitherto not shown much talent for diplomacy, and that there are at least two ex-ambassadors who had to quit their posts through their wives' lack of tact. On the other hand, there are brutal outsiders who say that diplomacy would be all the better for a little less tact and a little more brains, and that perhaps the scientific lady may contribute the latter.—Boston Transcript.

THE MAXIMS OF PTAHHOTEP

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